



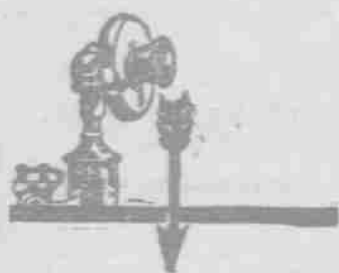
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QUAY SOCIALISTS  
PLAN CONVENTION

Many Candidates on All the  
Tickets Announced at  
Tucumcari

Tucumcari, N. M., Sept. 20.—The Socialists of Quay county will hold a county convention here at the time of the Democratic county primary election, October 7. The most important question to be decided upon will be the placing in the field of a complete county ticket, although it is said this will undoubtedly be done, as the leaders in the party in this county are greatly in favor of the move. Other business of importance will be attended to also at this meeting. Party organizers and speakers are studying the county trying to create a sentiment in favor of the party. At a precinct organization formed this week at Nara Vito, northeast of Tucumcari, George H. Bishop was elected chairman and M. L. Johnson, secretary.

New Announcements.  
Late candidates for office in this county are: Leo Anderson of Tucumcari, of the firm of Gross, Kelly & Co., wholesale grocers, who will make the race for county treasurer. He has been a resident of this city for seven years and is well liked. It is said there is little doubt that he will be the choice of the Republican party for this office. William Troupe has announced his candidacy for the nomination for sheriff under the Republican banner, and is expected to carry the entire strength of the party. George E. Dellinger of El Paso has announced his candidacy for the office of county clerk, subject to the will of the Republican county convention, which meets here September 23.

School Superintendent.  
C. G. Randall, a teacher of Quay, is a Democratic candidate for superintendent of county schools. Mr. Randall

has been here four years, during which time he has been one of the principal educators. Donald Stewart of this city, manager of the firm of Gross, Kelly & Co., is being urged for the position of state senator. Mr. Stewart has spent the biggest portion of his life in New Mexico. He took charge of the company's business at Tucumcari when a tent was used for its place of business. He is prominent here, having been president of the Tucumcari chamber of commerce and having occupied other positions of importance in the city's administration.

Improving High School.  
Hereafter Tuesday and Thursday mornings at the high school will be known as assembly days. Tuesday has given over to parliamentary drills and addresses by prominent men from the city and distance, with music as an additional feature for variety. This is another of the many changes and features proposed for the local school in an effort to improve the courses and render the work more fascinating.

COUNTY CLERKS FAIL TO  
REPORT HUNTING LICENSES.  
Austin, Tex., Sept. 20.—Failure of county clerks throughout the state to make monthly reports to the game warden's department here is causing considerable confusion, according to chief game warden Jeff D. Cox. The law requires such reports to be made on the 20th of each month and it appears that the act has almost been totally ignored.

CREDIT MEN TO HOLD  
MONTHLY DINNER WEDNESDAY.  
The Credit Men's association will have a dinner and smoker Wednesday evening at the Sheldon. State senator Claude B. Hudspeth will speak on the state legislation which affects the business man of the state. Other speakers will be made by the members of the association.

S.S.S. FOR SCROFULA  
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THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

## THE MAN HIGHER UP

By Henry Russell Miller. Copyright, 1910, by Bobbs Merrill Co.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

Bob McAdoo, fatherless waif, runs away from home and becomes a newsboy and mill employee in the Steel City. He lives with policeman Finn. Bob becomes a hero in the ward and when Haggin threatens to take his friend, Jim McAdoo's job from him, Bob decides to fight the political boss.

CHAPTER VII  
GROWTH IN GRACE.

SO after thirty years' walking among his fellows Robert McAdoo succumbed to that force which we call personal attraction. The friendship, if such it could be called at the beginning, took its tone from Bob rather than from the young lawyer, quiet and unassuming. With a wisdom born of instinct rather than of deliberation the latter consistently subordinated himself to the older man, never seeking to oppose his will. And though the intimacy became closer, always Bob must listen to habit's vigorous protest against the change. It was not until Remington was his way to the legislature that the protest ceased to make itself heard.

The friendship, as those who could observe closely at last came to recognize it to their utter mystification, was good for McAdoo. Under its influence he warmed gradually. There was perceptibly less harshness in his demeanor.

The Finn home had for some years been in a fine old house standing in a quarter whence the tide of fashion had recently ebbed. Bob had bought it as a speculation, but, finding no immediate purchaser, had moved himself and his charges into it, much to the outward pride and inward perturbation of Patrick and Norah. One evening Paul Remington entered the house and was shown into the library, where Kathleen sat alone sewing.

With her permission he lighted his pipe, and they sat silent before the fire for some time. He broke the silence abruptly.

"I saw her today."

"Not the lady of your dreams? And in the flesh?"

"The same! I was standing in the depot, waiting for a fellow who didn't come. Can you imagine a more disgusting place for romance? A lady dropped her kerchief. With the prompt gallantry that is one of my charming traits, I picked it up and returned it to her. 'Ah, thank you,' and she deigned to give me the hundredth part of a fraction of a coldly indifferent glance, as though I were the cement beneath her feet. Then I turned cold and stiff with fright and wonderment. It was she—as I had dreamed her. I stood, staring like a yokel, while she passed through the gate to her train. I made a dash to follow her, to be met by a blue arm with brass buttons and the prosaic demand, 'Show your ticket, please!' 'Ticket!' I said. 'I've no ticket.' 'Can't pass through then?' 'Man,' I said, 'I must. I'm the president of this railroad. I'm the governor of the state. I'm the president of these glorious United States. It's a matter of life and death. I must!' 'Can't pass without a ticket,' was all the concession I received. I rushed to the ticket agent's window. 'Ticket!' I demanded. 'Where?' he said leisurely, as though the solar system hadn't suddenly stood still. 'Where do I not know? I confided to him. 'First stop on New York limited, I suppose.' He handed me a few inches of paper. I threw down a bill and, without waiting for change, rushed out to the gate-man, waving my ticket frantically. Now will you let me pass? I cried. 'None,' he answered tranquilly. 'Train just pulling out.' It was true! I sat down on a truck and spent fifteen minutes inventing new ways of expressing profound black despair. And such," he cried, striking a tragic attitude, "is the baleful effect of modern invention upon romance. Weep with me!"

"Paul!" Kathleen exclaimed, startled. "You let your imagination carry you away. Come back to earth. She may be the very opposite of all you imagine her."

"No, no, Kathleen! She's not imagination. She's the real thing in my life. I'm a horrible sham beside you real, big person, but there are three genuine things in my life—she, my friendship for you and my honest liking for Bob."

Kathleen made as if to speak, but said nothing.

"Yes?" he urged her gently. "Say it."

"Paul," she said impulsively, "your liking for Bob is honest, isn't it? Because you're the only person he has ever given his friendship to, and I think it's a deeper friendship than either of you realizes. If you were to prove false to him he would be hopelessly blighted. Think of the evil he might do if he were to run amuck! You and he are men of different tastes and temperaments. The day may come when you may be tempted to turn away from him. You will be a true friend to him always, won't you?"

"Of course I will," he said, smiling at her earnestness.

"Ah, no, Paul! Such things aren't always of course! You're both in politics. I hate politics; it makes men so hard and selfish. You're ambitious. He has many enemies. And he isn't like other men. He is apt to be too—too exacting sometimes."

"But I promise, Kathleen!"

"I don't ask that. Promises don't

mean much, do they? And—because he is what he is—you may find it very hard sometimes."

From the outside came the sound of some one walking swiftly up the pavement to the house.

"There he comes now," Paul said. "I know that step in a thousand. How like him it is! He is as inexorable as fate, that man. Let us keep him right."

When Bob entered the library Kathleen and Remington were chatting brightly of her latest charity. He listened awhile before interrupting.

"I just came from Stoughton. He wants to go back to the legislature."

"Yes?" Remington queried eagerly. "I told him I had no objections."

Remington's face fell. "Ah! I had rather hoped to go myself."

"Well, why don't you try for it?"

"But you told Stoughton—"

"That I had no objections to his trying. I say the same to you."

"But if you were to come out for me it would be dead sure."

"No," said Bob firmly. "If it's worth having it's worth fighting for. I'll keep out and keep Haggin out. Then you and Stoughton can fight it out between you."

"Isn't he the generous soul!" Remington laughed to Kathleen, who only smiled back. "It's a tough proposition you put me up against. Stoughton has been over the field already, I suppose. But I'll try it. And I'll win. In the bright lexicon of my youth there's no such word as fail."

"Don't underestimate your opponent. It's bad strategy," Bob advised dryly.

Remington went into the fight and won, to the delight of Haggin and his henchmen, who fairly loved the "silk-stocking kid." It is significant that when the returns were in primary day Stoughton was the first to congratulate the winner, and with downright sincerity too.

On Bob's face was the inscrutable, wry smile the committeemen had remarked the night of Remington's defiance.

"It was a test—for him and for me," he said quietly. "If he had lost I



"YOU'LL DO," HE NODDED. "WHO TIED THAT NECKTIE?"

now have cut loose from him. But now I'm pledged to carry the experiment through to the end. So come on, Paul! You see," he added grimly, "I'm falling into his theatrical ways already."

When Remington went to the capital for his first session he met Mrs. Dunmeade, the governor's wife, and they became friends at once. She already knew much of Robert McAdoo. It developed, Remington told her more. As a result the boss of the tough Sixth legislative district received an invitation to the governor's reception, an early event in each session of the legislature. He carried it to the capital with him when he went thither and showed it to Remington.

"Yes, I know," said the latter. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Go," Bob answered laconically. "Whurroo!" Remington shouted. "I thought this was out of your line."

And he gave vent to a paroxysm of laughter.

"Funny, isn't it?" Bob growled, a faint twinkle nevertheless in his eyes. "Say, Paul, where's the best place to get clothes—New York?"

"Yes," Paul gasped and went into another gale of laughter.

"Well, pack up. You and I are going to New York on the 9:30. I guess this state can get along without your highly valuable services for a few days."

Ceph then the "tough" boss, clad cap-a-pie as fashion decrees for evening "affairs." When he appeared in Remington's apartment the night of the governor's reception the young man surveyed him with critical approval.

"You'll do," he nodded. "Who tied that necktie?"

"That was beyond me," Bob confessed, "but a little of Uncle Sam's currency secured the expert services of the head waiter."

governor's drawing room together, Bob, at least, coolly unconscious of the flutter of whisperings and noddings that followed their entrance.

"I'm glad to meet you under the white flag, McAdoo," the governor said heartily. "I want you to meet my wife, Katherine, this is Mr. McAdoo."

Bob did not miss the quick glance of approval she cast over his correctly attired figure; nor did he, after that glance, regret the pains he had taken in the matter of his clothes. "Surely not 'Knockout Bob?'" she queried smilingly.

"Guiltily."

"We must change the sobriquet," she said brightly. "We shall leave that to Mr. Langton here."

She introduced Bob to a short, stout young man who looked out on the world through thick lensed eyeglasses. Langton was a famous cartoonist from the governor's home city.

"Mr. Langton, you must take Mr. McAdoo in charge for awhile. Then I think we ought to get acquainted, Mr. McAdoo."

Bob turned away with the cartoonist. "Well, what do you think of it?" Langton inquired, with a wave of his hand indicating the motley assemblage of verdant senators and promoted ward heelers who stood about in awkward groups vainly trying to adjust themselves to the propriety of the occasion.

"Sort of funny, isn't it?"

"Isn't it, though? I never miss it. I come for new material and never fail to find it. I enjoy it, too, better than anything I've had since I sat in the gallery and saw the melodrama."

So Langton rattled on in caustic phrase, with the cartoonist's eye picking out the eccentricity in the personality of every solon present and commenting mercilessly upon it. Bob was highly amused. He shared Langton's viewpoint. He knew the stuff the average state legislator is made of. He had made a few legislators himself.

"All told," Langton concluded, "about as warm a combination of rottenness and incompetency as we have ever had. I wonder that Dunmeade consented to it. I can account for it only on the theory that Murchell is trying to disgust the people to pave the way for some of the governor's pet reforms unless that is too Machiavellian even for Murchell."

"You know Murchell as well as I do," Bob answered noncommittally.

"They say there is one promising member, though—young Remington. He's your man, I believe. They say he has caught Mrs. Dunmeade's eye. That augurs well for his success—unless you interfere. They say he's a coming man. What do you think?"

Bob calmly ignored the question. "I don't envy the reporter sent to interview this chap," Langton said to himself, and aloud, "What do you think of Mrs. Dunmeade?"

"They say," Bob quoted dryly, "that next to Murchell she is the cleverest politician in the state."

"Next to Murchell? Man, she wraps Murchell around her little finger, just as she does the governor. She has made Dunmeade—that is, she has toned down his impracticable ideals with hard common sense. She is coming our way now."

"Speaking of angels," he addressed her with a low bow, "I was just saying, Mrs. Dunmeade, that you are the most charming woman in the state."

"Come now," she chided him laughingly, "that is too gross to be effective. Go over to that corner and break up Mr. Remington's monopoly of our few pretty girls. I want to talk to Mr. McAdoo alone."

"Look out, McAdoo," Langton laughed. "For if Mrs. Dunmeade wants anything from you, you might as well anticipate Davy Crockett's coon."

With another bow he left them and made his way across the room. She led the way into a large, old-fashioned room, furnished in black oak. Upon the walls hung the portraits of the governor's predecessors in office.

"You may smoke," Mrs. Dunmeade volunteered. "I think you will find cigars in that box. Only our most distinguished guests are introduced here. Isn't it a beautiful old room? I love it, but John calls it 'the graveyard of futile ambitions.' So many men have come here, thinking to establish their names, only to find themselves helpless puppets."

They sat in silence broken only by the murmuring of the fire. After awhile he became aware that she was looking at him intently. He turned toward her quickly.

"You caught me, didn't you?" she laughed. "I was trying to unearth the real McAdoo."

"And what did you discover?"

She shook her head. "I can't tell yet," she answered gravely, then she added abruptly, "Mr. McAdoo, will you tell me what you think of my husband—honestly?"

Bob looked her straight in the eyes. "I used to think him merely a shallow demagogue. That was before I knew him. Now I believe him to be a sincere but very foolish man. He has the knack of getting hold of the popular heart. He could make almost anything of himself if it weren't for his reform notions. He's ahead of his time."

"There must always be a pioneer."

"And the pioneer is generally sacrificed to his cause," Bob said sententiously. "He does the work and sees another reap the glory."

"Yet Murchell, the shrewdest politician we have ever had, has joined forces with my husband."

"That merely proves my statement. Murchell has been considered invincible. Lately, since his open alliance with your husband, his organization has been falling to pieces. He is likely to lose his hold on the railroad. And he can't make up in popular sup-

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port what he loses among us politicians."

Mrs. Dunmeade raised a protesting hand. "Please don't say 'us politicians.' Because—one mustn't speak right out to you, mustn't one—I brought you in here to ask you to join forces with us."

"In my city they would call that a joke, Mrs. Dunmeade."

"It isn't a joke to you, is it?"

"A Steel City newspaper once remarked editorially," he answered grimly, "that I could be explained only on the hypothesis that I am totally lacking in moral sensibility."

"You are willing that the world should hold that opinion?"

"Really, Mrs. Dunmeade, I never bother about what the world thinks."

(To be continued.)

Mutt and Jeff are with us. Another appearance today on Classified page. Every day in The Herald hereafter.

Arden's is adding a big line of delicatessens to their market.

TULAROSA WOMEN RAISE FUNDS FOR BAPTIST CHURCH.

Tularosa, N. M., Sept. 20.—The Women's Home Mission society gave a box supper in the Woodman hall. The proceeds went for the building of the church. After the supper a crowd of young people went to the hall, where a dance was held.

Mrs. J. M. Blazer will be one of the teachers in the public school here.

Mrs. S. P. Clayton has moved to Alamogordo to place her son Luba in the Baptist college.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hill have moved down from Mesquite to put their children in school here.

Johnville, R. C.—"I suffered with womanly trouble," writes Mrs. J. A. Kendrick, in a letter from Johnville, "and at times I could not bear to stand on my feet."

The doctor said I never would be any better, and that I would have to have an operation, or I would have a minor. I went to the hospital, and they operated on me, but I got no better.

They said medicines would do me no good, and I thought I would have to die.

At last, I tried Cardui, and I began to improve, so I continued using it. Now, I am well, and can do my own work. I don't feel any pains. Cardui worked like a charm."

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